

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

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RALEIGH, N. C., JULY 21, 1896.

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N. R. P. A.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

To our personal knowledge, men who have been quoted as favoring the endorsement of the Democratic nominees, have been misquoted. "Wait a week and hear the truth."

Our candid belief is that a new party is absolutely necessary to give this country reform. Is it better to use the one started four years ago, or to wait a few years and start another?

The goldbugs still want to drop silver and take up State banks. That will make more goldbugs and less money in circulation, of course, or else the goldbugs wouldn't favor the scheme.

Senator Stewart claimed to be a Populist. But he comes out for the Democratic ticket, and we are inclined to believe that he only had a slight bilious attack when he intimated that his heart had gotten right.

Our Populist friends are brave, patriotic and generous, but we hardly think they will make their party a rescue station and lose their own lives in saving the drowning Democratic party. Self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Will the Populists go from silver, or bi metallism, to goldbuggery at a single jump? We hardly think so. But if the Populists get tangled up by endorsing the Democratic national ticket, the jump will have been made, and reform set back for years.

It was a magnanimous act for the goldbugs to turn over the Democratic party to the silver men, after they, the gold men, run the machine for four years and got their bond issues and other pet schemes in operation, at a time, too, when there isn't a shadow of a chance for the party to carry the country.

With a few notable exceptions, the big goldbugs and the little goldbugs who have been running the Democratic party, are going to vote the Democratic ticket. That means a gold party with a silver head to the ticket. Is there any logical reason why the Populists should vote for them? That is the surest way in the world to defeat any financial legislation.

Some of our Western friends are so intensely in earnest about getting silver remonetized that they are ready to grasp anything that looks like a glimmer of hope. The only way the Democrats can ever fool us again is by getting down to a little honest work in Congress. But, as Bill Nye said about the Indians, becoming virtuous, the Democrats will not begin honest legislation until after they are dead.

Jerry Simpson delivered the 4th of July address at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and was paid two hundred silver dollars for the job, he being a strong silver man. Jerry took them without a change of countenance and stowed them away in his grip. The committee afterwards offered to pay him in currency, but Jerry said he preferred the silver. When you think you can disgust a silver man by paying him in silver, you are barking up the wrong tree.

DEMOCRATIC TOMFOOLERY.

The Democratic press has opened up the usual campaign of gush, nonsense and sentimentality. The papers have had Bryan doing more different things since he was nominated, ten days ago, than a man can do in a life time. At the same hour of the same day he visited his great grandmother in Indiana, addressed "a monster mass meeting" in Chicago, and another in St. Louis, "visited the scenes of his boyhood" in Illinois, kissed his wife on both cheeks at the same time, and for charity's sake made love to an old maid in Missouri, and to crown it all "wept at the grave of the late Judge Lyman Trumbull, in Chicago, and said that "much" of his "inspiration came from Judge Trumbull." Now when we consider that Judge Trumbull threw off the old party shackles some time ago and joined the People's party, it is evident that he and Bryan were very wide apart.

Of all the namby pamby—tootsy wootsy—duddy—my—dear campaigners, the Democrats take the cake. If that party ever does make a mistake and nominate a truly good man for an office, he will surely get disgusted and abandon the race before the campaign is half over. To cap the climax, the latest story is that there is a great rush of people to see Bryan's little home cottage at Lincoln, Nebraska. The papers say there has been a continual rush of people to view the home; that the grass was a foot high in the yard a week ago and is now all trampled down by the excited throng, and that the people are chipping off pieces of wood from the walls and bits of brick from the chimney as mementoes to such an extent that there will hardly be any cottage when the Presidential nominee and his wife get home.

The facts in this case are that some apple trees stand in the Bryan cottage yard, and the boys of Lincoln having inherited a love of the fruit from Mother Eve, are taking advantage of the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan to steal the fruit and incidentally whittle the sides of the house with their barlow knives. So much for Democratic sentimentalism.

The silver wing of the Democratic party refers to the goldbug wing as goldbugs, monopolists and things of that sort. The goldbug wing calls the other fellows lunatics, scoundrels and fools. "When thieves fall out honest men get their dues."

ITS WONDERFUL EFFECT.

The Alliance in its work for the elevation of the country has achieved a grander work than is commonly accredited unto it. As an educational institution its influence cannot be measured. The extent of its influence is incomprehensible, says the People's Paper.

Thousands who have never been at all favorable to its work have received benefits for its efficient work. It has awakened a confiding laboring class of men to the light that those in whom they were confiding to protect the laborer's interest were bartering upon their confidence, and binding circles of bondage around them unto the fortieth generation. It has instilled into the hearts of the people a desire to make the American people an independent people, full of the patriotism that characterized the founders of the first declaration of American independence. It has opened channels of commerce from the manufacturer to the consumer whereby the enormous profits of the broker are saved to the consumer, thereby stimulating many who heretofore saw only the mortgage merchant as a means of making a crop to work upon a cash basis. The economical and social features of the Alliance are broad in their influence, deep in their foundation, steadfast against the influence of the kicks and slurs of its defamers, having stood the storms of attack made upon it by a North Carolina legislature.

Senator Hill, Senator Grman, the Tammany gang in New York, and Matt Ransom, of North Carolina, have all agreed to "support the ticket." That settles it. All good citizens who want reform should prepare to vote for the ticket that will be nominated at St. Louis this week.

A TOOL OF THE MONEY POWER.

The Rev. Dr. Kempshall, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church here, took as the theme to day for his Fourth of July sermon, "The Ethics of Free Silver."

The clergyman said that all signs of the times indicated that this country was on the verge of a momentous crisis. It was idle to ignore this fact or regard it lightly. The free silver madness was sweeping the West, and the league of Populists, Anarchists, and Socialists who were aligning themselves with the free silver cranks must be beaten if this country was to be saved from destruction. The crisis was more dangerous than anything since Fort Sumter

was fired upon. The free silver doctrine was unsound in principle, and dishonest in practice.

"May God save us," he said, "from such an event coming to pass as his success at the polls. It is an attempt to alter God's law, which says by the sweat of his brow shall man earn his bread. The free silverites want some other one to earn bread for them. They don't believe in honest individual effort. The free silver craze is largely helped along by Populists and Socialists of the Altgeld stripe. It is a wild unreasonable clamor that breaks out in time of business depression. It is fostered by prejudice and ignorance, and held out by specious false and subtle arguments in the mouths of demagogues as a panacea for the existing hard times, and they claim that its adoption will restore good times. It is the old green back doctrine of inflation over again. It means a repudiation of our lawful obligations.

"The fact of its existence is a danger of desolation to our land. If not checked it would bring our nation to shame and disgrace before the civilized world. Farms have been developed, homes and churches built, in the West by Eastern capital. The people who invested this money did it in good faith, that the obligation was to be repaid in gold. The present issue is not one of Democracy against Republicanism, but it means that all patriots who love this land should sink their political preferences, unite against the common enemy and cast their ballots so as to best promote the highest interests of our nation. Let the motto be "In God We Trust," and let us remember the result of the ballots cast next November will determine the weal or woe of our beloved country for years to come."

Just imagine how the angels weep when they hear such preaching as the above! Isn't it the very men who do not earn their bread by the sweat of their brow that favor the single standard?

CONFLICTING DATES.

Some of the officers of the State Alliance complain because the date for the State Convention of the People's party has been fixed for the same week. The State Alliance meets on the 11th and the State Convention on the 13th. If any of the delegates to the State Alliance are delegates to the Convention, they will be in an awkward position. However, the State Alliance may dispatch all the business in two days and nights if they go about it in a business like manner. At any rate, the State Alliance work should have the undivided attention of the delegates to it first of all, and none should leave until it is finished. A session of the State Alliance can be held on the morning of the 13th and those wishing to come to Raleigh can come on the east bound train, which passes Hillsboro about 1 p. m. and arrives at Raleigh about 3 o'clock, and be here in time for the convention, as but little work will be done by the convention before that hour on that day. This will give delegates a good part of three days at Hillsboro, and certainly the work can be done in that time. At any rate, no delegate should leave unfinished work, and we hardly think they will.

TELEPHONES AT COUNTRY POSTOFFICES.

By adopting the telephone at most postoffices, instead of the telegraph, the increase in the number of postoffice employees would be inconsiderable. The vast influence of the great telegraph monopoly can be used for political purposes by coloring news and in other more direct ways. When the telegraph service is made a part of the postoffice and placed under civil rules and subject to the direct force of public opinion the experience in other countries has been that it exerts no more power on party politics than the army or judiciary. Originally the telegraph (in 1846) belonged to the postoffice. When it was abandoned to private corporations on account of its supposed expense, Henry Clay, Cave Johnson and other leaders of both parties had the foresight to foretell the mischief done in abandoning an essential governmental function to private monopoly.

Hobart, Republican nominee for Vice President, is a lawyer by profession, and in practice a receiver, director, or large shareholder in a score or two of railroad and other large corporations. All who profess to be opposed to railroad rule will give the lie to their professions if they do not vote against the Republican party.

When your Congressman asks you to help elect him for another term, remind him of the postal telegraph bill now slumbering in the committee on postoffices and postroads, and secure from him a promise that he will use his influence in getting favorable consideration for the measure both from the committee and the house.

WATSON ON THE CHICAGO NOMINEES AND THE PLATFORM.

The People's Party Paper, Atlanta, Ga., edited by Hon. Thomas E. Watson, takes about the same position on the Democratic nominees and platform that we have taken. It says it is so much better that we are tempted to quote freely. Here are some extracts: "It did not make any particular difference who the Democrats nominated at Chicago, for, as things now stand, the nominee hasn't the slightest chance to be elected; but when they swallowed three-fourths of our platform without batting the eyes, and selected as standard bearer a brilliant young orator who had said he would bolt the Democratic party if it nominated a gold standard candidate on a gold standard platform, the situation becomes complex.

"But, it may be said, if the Democrats win, that's all we want; and if they lose, we will lose also—therefore the perils suggested are fanciful.

"If we make a separate fight under our own leaders and with our own organization, defeat may discourage, but does not demoralize us, disrupt us, or degrade us. We can rise and come again—strong in our self-respect and in the respect of honorable foes who recognize our royalty to principles.

"If Mr. Bryan carried in his hand the vote of the Democratic House and Senate, I, for one, would trust him to carry out these platform pledges. But he does not do so. He can no more answer for his colleagues in the public service now, than he could in 1892, or in 1893. He knows, just as we know, that some of the guiltiest criminals in the crime of 1892 and 1893 have been re-nominated by the Democratic party—some for the House and some for the Senate.

"As now constituted it is just simply impossible for the Democratic party to enact a free coinage law.

"In every turn of the free silver fight, the Democrats have shown that they were for their party first, and for the principle next. If they can get free silver inside the party, all right; if not, they won't have it.

"Acting upon this idea in 1892, Mr. Crisp killed the free coinage bill by taking it off the floor, where Pops and free silver Republicans could vote for it, and put it before the Committee on Rules, where it was necessary that a majority of Democrats should sign a petition before action could be had. A majority of Democrats refused to sign, and the bill went to the bone yard.

"When the Democrats at Chicago hooted at the idea of naming Teller as their candidate, they proved that they thought of party and pie counter first, and principle next.

"Is it the gentlest thing to come bolt into our cabin, snatch our chairs, benches and beds, carry them away to their house, and then invite us to step over and help them luxuriate on our furniture?

"Dressing Billy Bryan up in Populist raiment makes Billy an attractive figure to our admiring gaze; but, as long as he remains mixed in with the scrub sheep of the Democratic flock, we are much inclined to say to him, in the language of the ancient anecdote, 'We love you, Billy, but d—n your company.'

"The proposition is now made that we should abandon our party because its principles have secured Democratic endorsement.

"The Democratic party has been whipping us for four years and, as a result, has embraced our principles and professed our faith. Let them whip us one more time, and perhaps they will be ready to join our church.

"It was this siren song of 'trust it to us' that the Democratic party sang to the Alliance in 1890. In every Southern State, the Democrats incorporated the Alliance demands in their State platforms. 'Trust it to us,' sweetly sang the Democrats—and, with this melodious delusion, the Alliance was gently led to the political cemetery and was peacefully laid under the sod. It is under there yet. And as soon as the burial was over the Democrats quit putting Alliance demands in their platforms.

"And yet it occurs to me that one of the things we have heard oftener than any other was, that the old parties were not to be trusted—that they had broken every promise they had made to the people, and would continue to do it.

"With infinite labor we have built up the People's party. Through days of darkness we have worked for it. Through nights of pain we have prayed

for it. Through storms of abuse, ridicule and misrepresentation we have carried its flag. It lives and moves and thrives to day because of the fearless devotion and deathless love of brave men and pure women—men who have put principle above party, women who loved right better than the world's applause.

"So you will see, comrades, the Democrats are anxious for all the parties to break up and unite on a silver man—but you must do all the breaking. Smash your own cups and saucers, plates and dishes, as much as you please, but you must not break any of their crockery."

THESE BIG RAILROAD SYSTEMS.

We know that selfish means, inspired by selfish motives, never accomplish other than selfish ends. We know that the devil never originated any good if he could help it. We know that the devil fish, when it seizes an animate object, never lets go until it has sucked it dry. By parity of reasoning we know that a cent per cent. Wall street combine, commanding hundreds of millions of capital, when it invades the South and clutches its revenue producing territory, intends to extract from it every dollar it can be forced to yield. Its object is not to develop the resources of the country, but to absorb them as fast as others make them valuable. It proposes to take the cream, and leave to the public the skim-milk.

The South cannot and must not permit itself to be mortgaged body and soul to a monopoly that will absorb the very life blood of its commerce, by the imposition and collection of a merciless tariff on all it earns and produces.

THE "SOUND MONEY" MYTH.

A peculiar feature of the silver question at Hazleton, Pa., is that an Austrian of linguistic capacity has persuaded the many foreign laborers there that the silver dollar is only worth 50 cents, and proved it by citations from goldbug papers, so they held a meeting and decided that they must have "sound money" for their labor. Then contractor Hogan wanted to get \$1,900 in gold from the bank, on which the teller told him that he could not get that much in the whole county, though here are \$11,000,000 of money deposited in the county banks. Were an actual gold basis to be generally insisted upon, there would be a universal panic all over the country. This is clear evidence of the dangerous character of the Republican finance plank; the whole "sound money" view rests upon a palpable myth.

THE SPLENDOR OF ROME'S DECLINE.

One of the afterclaps and side features of the Republican National Convention shows the general drift of that party to railroad rule and plutocracy impressively, especially in the following incident reported by Hon. John Wiley, of Seattle, who is one of the silver bolters:

"In the railroad yards at St. Louis during the convention were twenty-eight palace cars, especially appointed, royally equipped, and stocked with extravagance and luxury in food and drink that are said to have characterized the orgies of the later Roman Emperors. Whom did these chariots bear to the city on the Mississippi? Where were the common people? Whence came their representation in that convention?"

LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN.

"My newspaper for a slice of pie"—Josephus Daniels, the original pieman.

"My! but that crow is tuff"—J. P. Caldwell, principal crow eater in North Carolina.

"If our Chicago scheme succeeds we've got 'em"—Rothschilds, leading Jewish Democrat; also leading Republicans.

"We must fish as well as issue bonds"—Grover Cleveland fisherman extraordinary to his Highness, Mr. Rothschild.

"My position in Mexico didn't prevent the nomination of my selections for the N. C. State Democratic ticket"—Matt Ransom.

"I don't know whether I want silver or not"—Senator Stewart, who has just invested in a Democratic box of sawdust, supposed to contain "green goods."

Senators and Representatives in Congress have no more right to free telegraphic service than any other class of citizens. The Western Union is said to be lavish in the distribution of little courtesies in the shape of franks to any legislator who chooses to ask for them. For what purpose? Surely not with the idea of influencing the recipient's vote on legislation affecting the company's interests. And yet it is said that when law makers retire, or are retired, to private life the "courtesy" abruptly stops.

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

Hard Hits, Bold Sayings and Patriotic Paragraphs From Reform Papers.

There is one thing you are sure to meet if you join the Alliance, and that is intelligence.—Pa. Alliance Advocate.

If there was plenty of money there would be plenty of enterprise and but few, if any, idle.—Farm and Labor Journal.

Over seven hundred Subordinate Alliances in the State and the good work is still moving on.—Pa. Alliance Advocate.

Ex-Speaker Crisp is too sick to attend the Chicago Convention. Crisp is always sick when there is fighting to be done.—Southern Mercury.

Grover Cleveland has one thing to be thankful for to the convention—that it let him off as easy as it did. It might have used him worse.—Sound Money.

Why should the government of the world be left to a gang of speculators who place property interests as of more importance than human life and liberty.—Ohio Populist.

The time is not far distant when the revolt against the money bags of Europe and Wall street will be so great that we cannot longer be defrauded out of our legally elected Congressmen.—Herald, Oregon City, Oregon.

Do you "belong" to the party? Are you bound to follow its leadership, even though it leads to perdition? If so, better let the "party" rivet an iron collar on your neck and stamp its name on the collar.—Messenger, Woodbury, Georgia.

In the slough of mud and water came the Waterloo to the real Napoleon; in the slough of popular disapproval by an outraged people will come the Waterloo to this would-be Napoleon—McKinley.—People's Sentinel, Trenton, Nebraska.

The administration already sees the hand writing on the wall. It has been tried and found wanting, and such will be the verdict of the people in November. The reign of the gold power is drawing to an end.—Messenger, Woodbury, Ga.

The protest against hanging Grover Cleveland's picture in the Chicago Convention hall, on the ground that the picture of living men should not be put in public places, was ill-founded. Of all the Presidents, Grover Cleveland is the least alive.—Sound Money.

Goldbugs are afraid of Teller's logic. They tried to suppress his speech in convention. The reporters obstructed the draft and had to be removed, was the scheme, but the public got the speech just the same.—Mining Record, Denver, Colorado.

All that abuse of Cleveland in the Republican platform is mere dirt for the eyes of the Republican voters. In the adoption of the gold standard Cleveland was indorsed and complimented far above the demagogism of the preamble.—News, Port Huron, Mich.

Whenever you desire to secure the nomination of a man on the Republican ticket, just go and consult the money kings or factory barons, and all will be well—providing they say so. If you think this not true, ask William McKinley, Jr.—Negro Solicitor, Okaloosa, Iowa.

If anything on earth makes us tired it is to hear a man boast of his American freedom and how it was obtained by the skill and bravery of his unconquerable forefathers—when he won't tell how he is going to vote, being "afraid" the merchant will cut off his supplies. He would fill the bill of an American fool better than an American freeman.—American Age, Alvin, Texas.

Mr. Evan P. Howell, one of Georgia's free silver champions, made two speeches at the convention in Macon in favor of electing a goldbug delegate to Chicago. Yet Col. Howell invites the Pops to come back to the dear old Democratic party and help him elect silver men. O consistency thou art a jewel not possessed by the free silver silver Democrats of Georgia.—Cedar-ton Courier.

POET (to farmer)—"See what a beautiful prospect is unfolded in yonder billowy fields, and hark! the voice of the ploughman!"

FARMER—"Yes; he's been cursing that mule since daylight, and it's one of them German mules that used to pull a beer wagon, so he can't understand a word of it."—American Planter.

"I see you are building a new house, Mr. Bung."

"Yes, you are right."

"Made the money out of whiskey, I suppose?"

"No."

"Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?"

"Oh, yes! But the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put into the wheel. Every farthing was made out of it."